

Labour by Paris Paloma

One, two, three
Why are you hanging on so tight
To the rope that I'm hanging from?
Off this island, this was an escape plan (this was an escape plan)
Carefully timed it, so let me go
And dive into the waves below
Who tends the orchards? Who fixes up the gables?
Emotional torture from the head of your high table
Who fetches the water from the rocky mountain spring?
And walk back down again to feel your words
And their sharp sting
And I'm getting fucking tired
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?
For somebody I thought was my saviour
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour
The calloused skin on my hands is cracking
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?
And the silence haunts our bed chamber
You make me do too much labour
You make me do too much labour
Apologies from my tongue, and never yours
Busy lapping from flowing cup and stabbing with your fork
I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man)
And weaponise
The false incompetence, it's dominance under a guise
If we had a daughter, I'd watch and could not save her
The emotional torture from the head of your high table
She'd do what you taught her
She'd meet the same cruel fate
So now I've gotta run, so I can undo this mistake
At least I've gotta try
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?
For somebody I thought was my saviour
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour
The calloused skin on my hands is cracking
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?
And the silence haunts our bed chamber
You make me do too much labour
All day, every day, therapist, mother, maid
Nymph, then a virgin, nurse, then a servant
Just an appendage, live to attend him
So that he never lifts a finger
24/7 baby machine
So he can live out his picket-fence dreams
It's not an act of love if you make her
You make me do too much labour



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Nymph, then virgin, nurse, then a servant
Just an appendage, live to attend him
So that he never lifts a finger
24/7 baby machine
So he can live out his picket-fence dreams
It's not an act of love if you make her
You make me do too much labour
The capillaries in my eyes (all day, every day)
Are bursting (therapist, mother, maid)
If our love died (nymph, then virgin)
Would that be the worst thing? (Nurse, then a servant)
For somebody (just an appendage)
I thought was my saviour (live to attend him)
You sure make me do (so that)
A whole lot of labour (he never lifts a finger)
The calloused skin on my hands (24/7)
Is cracking (baby machine)
If our love ends (so he can live out)
Would that be a bad thing? (His picket-fence dreams)
And the silence (it's not an act of love)
Haunts our bed chamber (if you make her)
You make me do too much labour



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